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A Traveler's Prayer

OF

California Mountains

(Illustrated)

OLIVE HINDS SIMPSON
VISALIA CAL.

Tulare County Mountain Views

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In drawing a comparison between the famous Yosemite and the high Sierras in Tulare county the late John Muir, the world famous naturalist and mountaineer, said:

> "There are no individual rocks in the Kern canyon that equal El Capitan in Yosemite Valley or the Sentinel Rock in the Kings, but the very magnitude of the country will make it the most popular resort. I know of no mountain trip in California that surpasses the one to Kern river and to Mt. Whitney."

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Introduction

Come; take a trip with me—in this—"A Traveler's Prayer."
'Twill ease the mind and heart from burdens that are there,

For all within is love, and life and truth,
And calls you back from care, to joy and youth.

You hear once more the greatness of God's love,
In the song of birds from all the pines above,

You feel again, that something sweet—the soul—that fills
With love and gladness, till all within you thrills.

You long to scatter wide the thoughts that come while there,
That I am sending now to you, in this, "A Traveler's Prayer."

A Traveler's Prayer

Give me the California Mountains,
Where all weary souls go free,
Where God gave nature an extra touch,
And where I love to roam with thee.

$1.00

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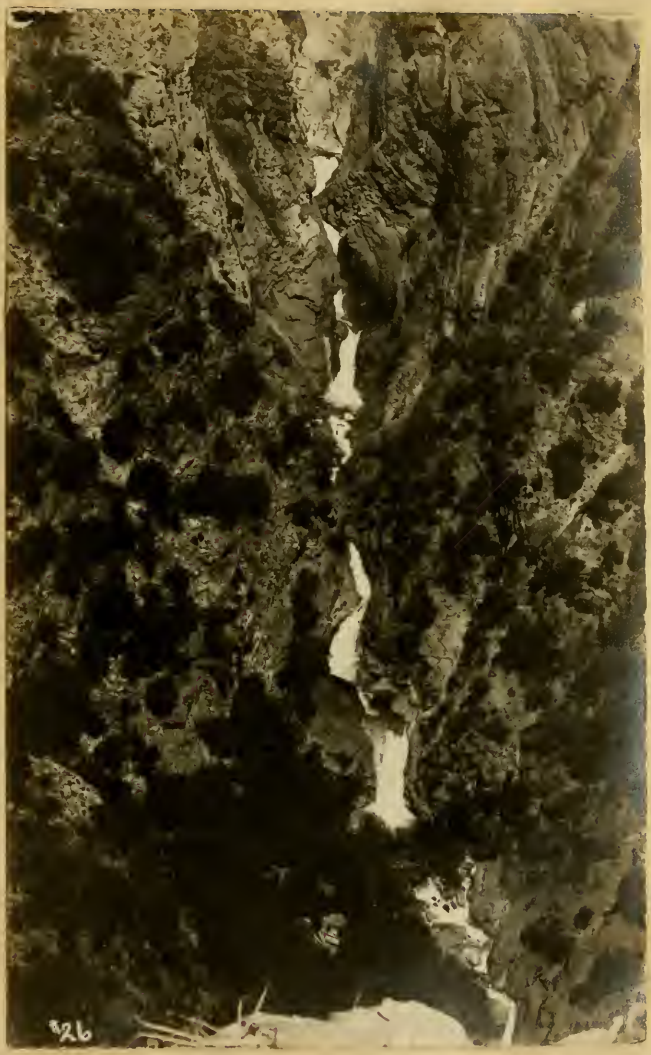


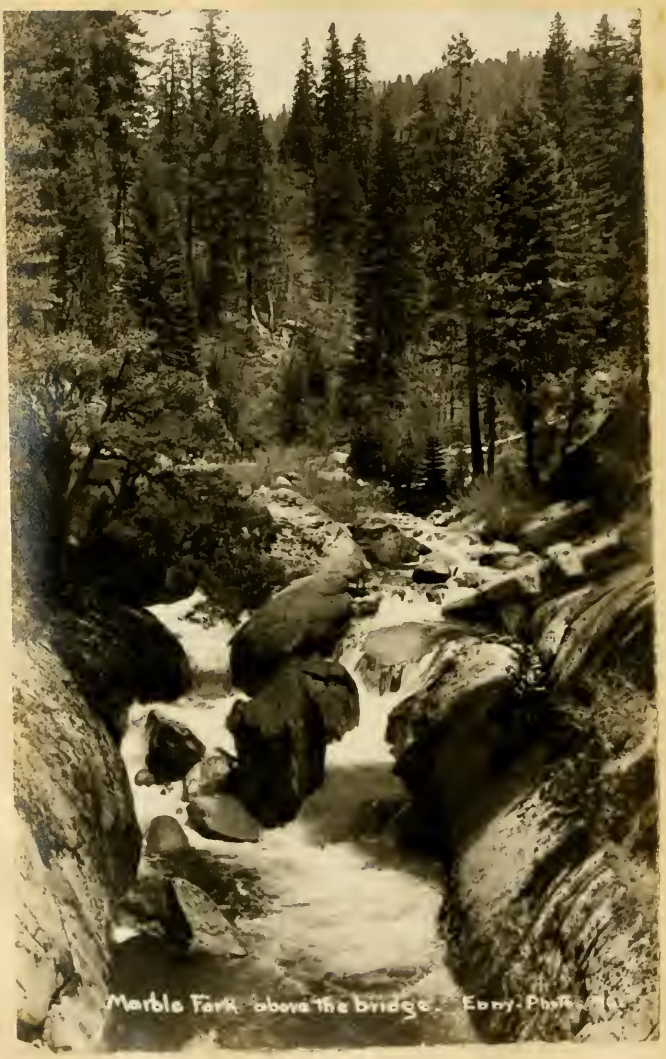
For pure white rocks on Marble Fork,
Are washed by numerous falls,
That wave in and out like Angel Wings,
Descending those towering walls.

The perfume from the blossoms,
Which grow abundant there,
Lift their fragrance to God's altar,
Like holy incense on the air.

Under those grand old redwoods,
The brooks and murmuring rills,
Seem to whisper follow, follow,
Till the soul with rapture thrills.

And all around old Moro Rock,
Untouched, unmarred by human hand;
The birds, the bees and whispering pines,
Make one harmonious band,

That close the eyes in slumber sweet,
To wake in Paradise,
For gorgeous flowers and graceful ferns,
Shut out all sin and vice.



The glistening of the waters,
So bright, and clear, and cold,
In torrents dashing o'er the rocks,
Show the beauty yet untold.

The deer with muffled footsteps light,
Protected by all mankind,
In peace and sweet contentment glide
Through the gleaming silver pines.

Kern Canyon, beyond description,
So majestic are your walls,
That poet, artist, and sculptor,
Have feasted their eyes enthralled.

The lakes are clear as crystals,
Twin Peaks as Sentinels stand,
Like Th' Sphynx in Egypt far away,
Awaiting God's command.

Let me stand on old Mt. Whitney,
That grand ethereal dome,
The crown of your high Sierras,
Where the eyes of the tourist roam.

Oh! Mountains of Old Tulare,
Let all the whole world know,
The wealth of wonderful beauty,
On California you bestow.

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